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(TO BE CONTINUED)

MORAVIAN DIARIES OF TRAVELS THROUGH VIRGINIA.

Edited by Rev. WILLIAM J. HINKE and CHARLES E. KEMPER.

(CONTINUED)

DIARY OF THE JOURNEY OF THE FIRST COLONY OF SINGLE BRETHREN TO NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 8—NOVEMBER 17, 1753.

On November 2, we rose early after having slept but little, because the smoke annoyed us the whole night. At daybreak we crossed the "Rùnoke," which was very shallow. It was not quite as large as the "Lecha" [Lehigh], but it has many smooth stones and during floods it overflows its banks for about half a mile. We had much trouble to get our sick horse across. A quarter of a mile farther we came to "*Evens* Mill," where the road turned to the left and became very narrow. After a mile we had to climb a steep mountain. We almost stuck fast in a ditch and were in danger of breaking the tongue of our wagon. One mile farther we had a pretty high mountain and had to unload half of our wagon, and then hardly succeeded in drawing the wagon up. The descent was equally steep. We put the brakes on both wheels, then attached a tree to the wagon, of which all of the brethren took hold, and thus we came safely over this mountain. Then we had a good road for a mile and a half. We took dinner at a little creek. It looked like rain, and as we had a high mountain before us, we asked a man

whom we met whether we could cross the mountain to-day. He said: Yes, and told us that some one was living on the mountain with whom we could have an opportunity to stay over night. We believed it and drove to the mountain, but had to pass a large creek¹ on the way. Then we tried whether we could ascend the mountain, but it was impossible because the foot of the mountain was too steep. We concluded therefore to unload and carry our baggage [on horseback] up on the mountain. Bro. Lischer and Pfeil stayed with the wagon, the rest went up the mountain. When we had covered half of the way it began to rain. It was also difficult for our horses, but we hoped to find the house on top of the mountain, of which the man had spoken. It took us a long time to ascend and when we finally reached the top no house nor water could be found. We were therefore compelled also to descend the mountain, although it was very dark and rained fast. Finally after many vain wishes we reached a little creek in the valley. It had taken us two and a half hours to cross this mountain.² We then camped, as well as we could, but experienced much difficulty in starting a fire, for it rained very fast and everything was wet. We raised our tent and lay down upon the wet blankets. Here we rested for a while. Towards morning it cleared and became very cold.

On November 3, we went very early back across the mountain to get the rest of the baggage and the wagon. Bro. Gottlob, Nathanael and Kalberland meanwhile stayed with the tent. The brethren who had remained with the wagon also had had a cold night, and we were glad to see them again. We put our baggage once more on our horses and then carried most of our things to the top of the mountain. Here we made a fire and Bro. Haberland stayed there. The rest of the brethren went back again to bring up the wagon, which was pretty empty. But we had to push very hard to get the wagon up. After an hour and a half we reached the top safely. After we had loaded the wagon again we drove up hill for a short distance.

¹ This large creek is probably Back creek, which is due south of the Roanoke River.

² This mountain, which gave the Moravian travelers so much trouble, was no doubt the Blue Ridge, which they crossed at Magotty Gap.

Then we went down hill. We had to lock the wheels again, and hang a tree to the wagon, of which all of the brethren took hold. Thus we reached our tent safely. As we had several steep hills before us, we crossed them before evening, and then pitched our tent at a little creek. We left our horses go into the woods. We were all very tired and sleepy, and for this night we left the angels watch.

On November 4, we found an almost impassable way and were compelled to remove many trees. Our wagon stuck fast in a mud hole and it took two hours before we could get it out. (The pulley was of much service to us.) After a mile we found water again, after four miles we came to a little creek, where we ate our dinner. We had a good road thus far. In the afternoon we crossed "Maggedi Creek."³ Nearby dwells *Benjamin Reh*, an old man of some ninety years, and his wife who is about a hundred years old. They are both active and cheerful people, who gave us milk to drink and were very friendly. Close to this house is a deep mud hole, then follows a steep hill almost immediately. Here we came upon the "Warrick Road," which runs mostly westward and is a pretty good road. Two miles farther we came to a small creek, three miles farther we pitched our tent near a large creek. We had to watch our horses closely in this place, for we had heard that there were people in this neighborhood who steal horses. We prepared dump-lings this evening, which tasted very well. After the evening worship we lay down to rest.

On November 5, we rose early. For several miles we had a good road, running along on the mountains. After having driven five miles we came to Mr. *Robert Kohl's*, a justice of the peace, from whom we bought some corn. He is a very modest man. He regretted very much that he had not known of our coming or he would have gone to meet us and shown us a better and nearer way, so that we could have avoided the high mountains and many hills. The way had not been cut out completely, but as we had so many hands, we could easily have done it. He would see to it that this way would soon be made. Some of the brethren stayed here and helped to husk several bushels of corn,

³ This is Magotty creek in Franklin county.

which we had bought. We had to drive again on a pretty steep road, after half a mile we came to a little creek, and again half a mile farther to the "Black Water," a large creek with steep banks. After another mile we came again to a creek; and two miles farther to another, where we ate our dinner. There were several mud holes here, but we passed them safely. Then the road branched to the left up the mountain. We missed it, by turning to the right and coming to an old mill race at *Ringfros* Mill. We then stayed on the left and turned up again to the mountain, where we came to the right way. Going a mile we came to a little creek and mud hole. Half a mile beyond we came to another creek, a mile farther to the left was a new plantation, and half a mile from it we had to pass through a bad swamp and creek. A mile farther we came to *Robert Johnsen*, from whom we bought some hay. He accompanied us half a mile to show us the way across the creek and a comfortable place, where we could pitch our tent. Our course to-day was west and southwest. We had gone sixteen miles. The road was pretty good, except some mud holes and steep banks along the creeks. It was twenty-five miles from this point to the Smith River.⁴

On November 6, we continued our journey. Bro. Herman stayed back to thresh oats at Mr. Johnsen's place. We had to pass through many mud holes. Frequently there was danger of our wagon becoming stuck. We were often compelled to hoist the wheels out of the holes, and we had much trouble in cutting our way through, because it was very narrow. Frequently we hardly knew how to get through when turning our long wagon. Two miles from our camp we went through a fence. We had to pass through much mud and about thirty times over a creek, which runs through the great swamp. Bro. Herman also joined us again and brought with him several bushels of oats, which he had threshed out. Mr. Johnsen had a pleasant conversation with Bro. Herman. He said that he had not heard a sermon for nine years. In the evening we pitched our

⁴This estimate is certainly too high, because the whole distance from Magotty creek to Smith river is not more than twenty-five miles.

tent in the swamp. In spite of all trouble and labor we had only traveled ten miles.

On November 7, we started at daybreak and got out of the swamp. We had to climb a mountain, which was very precipitous on the other side. Having crossed we forded a pretty large creek. Then the way was up hill again, and we had much trouble before we reached the top, because the ground was slippery so that the horses could not step firmly. Then we had a good road for a mile, whereupon it turned again into a swamp and crossed a creek several times. Our wagon was somewhat damaged, because the banks of a creek were so steep and the wagon went down so deep that the rear part struck the ground, and one of the boards of the wagon bed was broken. We repaired this very quickly and then ate dinner at the creek. Bro. Loesch went ahead to reconnoiter. Immediately before us was a very steep hill, followed by a pretty long mountain. From the top of it we could see Pilot Mountain in North Carolina, and we were glad that we should very soon see the Carolinian boundary and enter upon our land. For a mile we drove on the mountain, then the road turned down very precipitously. At the foot of the mountain we crossed a large creek with very steep banks, and finally came to the Smith River. We drove for a mile over a beautiful low land where there were many grapes, which tasted very well. Bro. Gottlob rode ahead for several miles to inquire about the way. We came to a mountain which we intended to cross to-night. We tried as best we could, but we did not succeed, the mountain being too steep. We pitched our tent at the foot of the mountain, close to the river. Several brethren took our horses to a pasture, half a mile away, and stayed with them during the night.

On November 8, at daybreak, we continued our journey. We carried half of our baggage to the top of the mountain. Then we brought up the wagon, but experienced much difficulty, before we succeeded in doing so, because the way was very steep. Having reached the summit we loaded our baggage in the wagon again, and thus descended. Down in the valley we passed over a little creek, but immediately afterwards had to cross a second mountain. We had to unload again and carried most of our baggage to the top. It is the steepest of all the mountains

which we have crossed.⁵ We were all very glad when we reached the top. Going down the mountain we locked both wheels, hung a tree to the wagon, and thus we descended safely. The people had described these mountains as very dangerous, telling us that we would hardly be able to cross them. *Morgan Bryand*, who had first gone this way, had taken the wheels off his wagon and had carried it peacemeal to the top. It had taken him three months to travel from the "Shanidore" to the "Edkin" [Yadkin]. At the foot of the mountain we crossed a large creek with steep banks, which empties into the Smith River. We came to a plantation where the people were very friendly and in answer to our request showed us the right way, which turns off a mile from this point to the left, but is not as convenient as the road to the right. One mile farther was a pretty large creek with banks so steep that we hardly knew how to cross. But after much labor and difficulty we passed over safely. We drove two miles farther to our camp. The road was very poor and we were stalled several times. We pitched our tent close to a plantation. With all our labor and trouble we had only traveled seven miles to-day. It began to rain and we had to lie down wet.

On November 9, most of the brethren rose very early, because they could not sleep any more. It rained very fast, so that the water flowed under us and we were all lying in the water. The river had risen two feet over night and we saw no possibility of crossing. We had frequent visits from the people in the neighborhood who wondered at our long wagon and that so many unmarried men were traveling together. They also asked for our minister. Bro. Gottlob enjoyed the affection of the people all along the way, and they would have liked to have had their children baptized by him. Towards noon the rain let up and we hoped for good weather, but soon it began to rain still faster, so that we could hardly keep a little fire. We

⁵ This mountain is possibly a part of the mountain range which separated Patrick and Henry counties. In that case the first large creek, passed by the Moravians, would have been Town creek, the second Rock creek, and the passage of the Smith river was effected six miles northwest of Martinsville, in the present county of Henry.

changed our tent and dug a little ditch around it for the water to run off, but the rain came through the tent so that we became thoroughly wet and were kept awake nearly the whole night.

On November 10, it began to clear a little. The river rose still higher. We passed our time with drying blankets, mending clothes and darning stockings. We bought several bushels of corn and some meat from our neighbors, who liked our prolonged stay as it netted them some money. In the afternoon we had a little love feast. Bro. Nathanael led the evening worship and we lay down to rest.

On November 11, several brethren went to the river early to find out whether we could cross. The river had fallen two feet. A man showed us the ford and I rode through⁶ first on our white horse. We risked it and drove through safely. The banks were tolerably easy to pass. We then passed through a swamp, but stuck fast in a mud hole for a considerable time. We had much trouble to get out. Mr. *Hikki*, who lives half a mile from here and keeps a store (which is the nearest house, at which we can buy salt), came to us and showed himself very friendly. We had a miserable road to his house. Here we bought some provisions. A few miles from this place we met a man from North Carolina, who lives not far from our land. We heard from him that it was known everywhere that we would soon come. He had also heard that we had two ministers with us, which was very good, because they lived almost as wild men and heard nothing of God or his word. They were also pleased to hear that we had a physician with us. We ate our dinner two and a half miles beyond Mr. *Hikki*, near a little creek, where we found a good pasture. We had had a pretty good road thus far. Then we continued through several mud holes and across steep hills. Every half or quarter of a mile we found water, often close to a deep swamp. In the evening we pitched our tent near a little creek, having traveled to-day eight miles, which was rapid progress. We were glad to have such beautiful and warm weather. At night we cooked Virginia potatoes which tasted very well.

⁶This refers to the writer of the diary, who was most probably the Rev. B. A. Grube.

On November 12, we rose very early, and at three o'clock ate stewed pumpkin. Then we went again through thick and thin, often across steep hills, where we had to push our wagon with might and main. We avoided a large swamp, about a hundred feet wide, making a new way to the left across the mountain, which was a great help to us. We came to a creek, called Horse Pasture,⁷ which is somewhat larger than the "Manakis" [Monocacy]. It had been exceptionally high a few days before, but had fallen again. We here met one of the worst banks, of which the people had long told us, telling us that we would hardly be able to cross, but our picks and shovels served us well and we came across safely. Close to this creek is a new plantation. The people estimate the distance from this place to the Smith River as twelve miles. We drove four miles farther and ate dinner at *Adam Loving's* plantation. Here we bought ten bushels of corn. The people were very friendly to us. The man showed us the ford across the first branch of the Meho [Mayo] River, which is not much wider than the "Manakis" at Bethlehem. It has, however, such steep banks that we could hardly cross in two hours. It is fortunate that the creeks have all subsided again since the last rain, otherwise we would be detained considerably. Three miles farther we came to the main branch of the Meho [Mayo] River, which is about as broad as the "Lecha" [Lehigh] at Gnadenhutten. The approach to the river was pretty good, but the exit was all the harder. We had to work till night, before we could make the opposite bank passable so that we could drive up. We passed the night here and as we had little wood we all lay down around the fire, and thus slept the last time in Virginia. We had traveled thirteen miles to-day.

On November 13, we rose in the morning at three o'clock. It began to rain again but we started on our journey. We almost missed the way, turning too much to the right. At day-break we came to the boundary of Virginia and North Carolina. The road leads across a creek,⁸ two miles from our camp. Bro.

⁷ The Horse Pasture creek is in the extreme western part of Henry county. It empties into the N. Mayo river.

⁸ This creek is probably Crooked creek, which runs close to the boundary of Patrick county and North Carolina.

Haberland, who attempted to cross on a tree that was lying across the creek, fell into the water and lost his hat, but found it again soon afterwards. The road was tolerable, except a few steep hills. Every mile or two we found water. We ate our dinner seven miles beyond the "Meho" [Mayo] River on a little hill. At its foot is a creek with a rapid current. In the afternoon we passed several very steep hills, which were almost impassable, likewise several difficult banks of creeks. Towards evening it began to rain and we hurried to reach the "Ten" [Dan] River, but it became so dark that we had to stay at a creek three miles this side of the river. We kindled a fire and dried ourselves a little. It began to clear with a northwest wind. At twelve o'clock at night we started again to cross the "Ten" [Dan] River. A brother preceded the wagon with a pine torch to show us the way. At two o'clock in the night we came to the "Ten" [Dan] River. As it did not rain we thought the river would not rise very much and as a result stayed to-night on this side of the river. It turned cold and we had a little wood to burn. We were all very tired as we had driven to-day 25 miles from the "Meho" [Mayo] River to this place.

On November 14, we went very early to the river to see whether we could cross, but it had risen two feet and had a very rapid current. Hence we stayed, meanwhile improving the bank leading down to the river, which was very steep. Several brethren went off hunting, but returned empty handed. The man, who lives across the river,⁹ visited us and asked Bro. Gottlob and Nathanael to go with him to his house, which they did. He urged Bro. Gottlob very much to baptize his child. Bro. Nathanael excused him, because he could speak but little English. But the man was not satisfied, saying he did not care how it was baptized, if it were only done. Bro. Jacob Loesch went across the river with the canoe and preceded us eleven miles, going to Mr. *Allem*, to order some provisions.

On November 15, several brethren went off hunting, but returned again empty handed. Bro. Gottlob and Nathanael went

⁹According to an old English translation of this diary, his name was "John Carmichael, an Irishman."

with Bro. Haberland and Herman Loesch across the river in the canoe, swimming their horses across. They intended to go to Mr. Altem to-day, who knows our land very well, in order to go with him to our land to-morrow, to select a place where we could rest temporarily till we could find the right place to settle. Bro. Grube stayed with the rest of the brethren on this side of the river, because the water was still too high. In the evening a German boy came to us, who lives on the "Etkin" [Yadkin]. He had bought eleven quarts of salt at the Smith River for which he paid half a dollar [$\frac{1}{2}$ Thaler].

On November 16, we rose early to cross the river. As the banks were very steep we had to tie a tree to the wagon, which we detached as soon as the wagon reached the water. The stream was very rapid and carried the front horses down a short distance. The water almost ran into our wagon, but we reached the other shore safely. However, we were unable to drive up. We had to unload half of our baggage, fasten ropes to the tongue of the wagon, so that we could also help in pulling, because our horses were very stiff, and finally we brought our ark safely to the dry shore. Half a mile farther we drove through a wide swamp, and then up a long hill. We ate our dinner at a creek, close to a plantation. At four o'clock we came to Mr. Altem, ten miles from our last camping place, but it was almost the worst part of our whole journey. Our dear Gottlob, Nathanael, Loesch, etc., joined us again. They had inspected our land somewhat, and six miles from the boundary line found a little house on our land, which a German had built last year, but had abandoned again. We pitched our tent near Mr. Altem's house. Bro. Gottlob, Nathanael and the other brethren, who had been along on our land to-day, ate at Mr. Altem's. Then we lay down to rest, for we were very tired and exhausted.

On November 17, we rose early. We had had a cold night. It looked like snow. Several brethren preceded us with picks and axes to cut out a road and to level the banks of the creeks. A mile this side of Altem's we crossed the Down Fork Creek, and then we came to the new road, which runs through our land to the "Etkin" [Yadkin] River. On the right side of the creek is a plantation. The people presented us with two bags full of pumpkins and said that we could have a whole wagon

load for nothing. Two miles from our land we passed over the "Bufflers" [Buffalo] Creek, the passage of which was hard. A mile from our land we ate dinner. Bro. Gottlob and Nathanael had gone to the next plantation, which adjoins our boundary line. The people presented him with several bushels of turnips. Finally, at one o'clock, we came to the boundary line of our land,¹⁰ or which we were all very glad. We were heartily welcomed by our dear Gottlob and Nathanael. We thanked our Saviour very much that he had graciously brought us thus far and helped us through all difficulties. It is true, it frequently looked very dangerous, and often we knew no way out, but we always succeeded better than we imagined. We drove three miles farther on the new road, then turned to the left and cut another road, two and a half miles, to the little house which our brethren had found yesterday. Here we arrived in the evening and took up our quarters in our little hut. It is just large enough so that we can all lie round about along the wall. We at once made preparations for a little love feast, during which the wolves howled fiercely. With gratitude to God we lay down to rest, our dear Gottlob sleeping in his hammock.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

¹⁰ In 1751, Lord Granville offered to the Moravians one hundred thousand acres of land in North Carolina. On November 29, 1751, the offer was accepted by the Brethren in London. In the fall of the following year, a party of Moravians, headed by Bishop Spangenberg, were sent to North Carolina to survey the land at a suitable place. In September, 1752, the Moravians, with a surveyor and two guides, started on their perilous journey from Edentown. In December, 1752, after great difficulties, they reached the Yadkin river. "Ten miles from the Yadkin river on the upper Pennsylvania road and some twenty miles from the Virginia line," along the Muddy creek, 72-73,000 acres were surveyed. The survey was approved by Lord Granville on August 17, 1753. The diary of Spangenberg, from September 13, 1752-January 8, 1753, is published in the *Colonial Records of North Carolina*, Vol. V, pp. 1-14. The settlement, at first called Wachovia, is now Winston-Salem, in Forsythe county, N. C. For a full and interesting history of this settlement, see *History of Wachovia in North Carolina*, by John Henry Clewell, New York, 1902.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

Vol. XI, p. 118, note *.

Omit the last sentence. Colonel Thomas Cresap settled at Old Town, Md. See *Magazine* XI, 236, note.

Idem, p. 125, third line from bottom.

Omit Robert Lewis. The name of this Englishman is unknown. Robert Luhny (Loony) lived at the James river. See *Magazine* XII, 82, 152.

Idem, p. 127.

The notes on this page ought to have been reversed.

Idem, p. 127, note *.

It is not entirely certain that Jacob Baer, Sr., removed to Virginia. His name occurs in the assessment lists of Conestoga township, Lancaster Co., Pa., in 1724-5. See Ellis & Evans, *History of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania*, p. 21. His two sons, John and Jacob, Jr., settled near Elkton in 1740 and married daughters of Adam Miller, as stated.

Idem, p. 129, note †.

Mr. Schmidt, originally a dentist, officiated occasionally as pastor among the Lutherans at New Hanover, Pa., from 1736 to 1743. On the arrival of Muehlenberg he went to Virginia, where he preached for a number of years. In 1747 Muehlenberg met him at Frederick, Md. See *Hallesche Nachrichten*, New Ed., Vol. I, pp. 335, 425. Mr. Schnell also refers to him in 1747 as being at Frederick.

Idem, p. 374, note *.

The main reasons why Schnell did not wish to go through the Irish settlements are no doubt correctly stated by J. A. W., (*Magazine* XII, 203.) At the same time it must be admitted that not much love was lost between the Germans and the Irish. See *Magazine* XI, 126, XII, 68, 140.

Idem, p. 379, note *.

The note relative to the several locations of Orange Court House, Virginia, is somewhat in error. The first court house was located near Sommerville's Ford, about four miles west of

Raccoon Ford, and about fifteen miles up the river from Germanna. This was the "Black Walnut Run" or "Second Rappahannick River" site. Prior to 1751 it was removed to its present site. Fry and Jefferson's map, 1754-5, locates the "old court house" near Sommerville's Ford, and "court house" at the present town of Orange.

The editors are indebted to W. W. Scott, Esq., State Law Librarian, Richmond, Va., for information bearing upon this question.

Idem, p. 381, note.

See Col. Wm. Byrd's petition dated June 11, 1735, in Palmer's *Calendar of Virginia State Papers*, Vol. I, p. 223, praying for a grant of one hundred thousand acres of land on the south branch of the Roanoke river, upon which he proposed to settle "Switzers and other foreign Protestants."

The German book of Colonel Byrd was printed in 1737, according to information from the librarian of the John Carter Brown Library.

Vol. XII, p. 56.

The German mentioned under date July 9th was most probably Oliver Kraemer. See *Magazine* XII, 80.

Idem, p. 75, note 35, 1, 5.

Instead of "lived in retirement at Siegen," read: near Siegen.

Idem, p. 75, note 35, 1, 13.

The will of Henry Haeger was not probated in 1733, but in 1737, as appears clearly from a photograph since taken of the record.

Idem, p. 141, note 15.

Read Heckemoelder, instead of Neckemoelder.

Idem, p. 145.

The tavern keeper, *Severe*, mentioned in text, was Valentine Sevier. He was the father of Gen. John Sevier, one of the heroes of King's Mountain, and the first Governor of Tennessee. Waddell states in his *Annals* (Ed. 1902, pp. 325-6) that Valentine Sevier in 1753 conveyed to Andrew Bird land which lay between Limestone Ridge and Smith's Creek, which section is now in Rockingham, but was then within the limits of Agus-

ta County. In 1758 Valentine *Sevear* was a resident of Culpeper County, Va. Boogher, *Gleanings of Virginia History*, p. 70. He probably removed to Culpeper after disposing of his Augusta lands, but subsequently returned to the latter county.


Idem, p. 146.

John Anderson, mentioned in note 26, was one of the first Justices of Augusta County upon its organization in 1745. Waddell's *Annals of Augusta County*, 1902, pp. 52-332; Boogher, *Gleanings of Virginia History*, pp. 308-23.

EXTRACTS FROM VIRGINIA COUNTY RECORDS.

A BILL OF LADING, 1674.

[Bills of lading and exchange were not infrequently recorded in the books of the county courts.]

*: 9: 12: 13: Shipped by the grace of God in Good order
3: 15: 16: 8: 4: & well Conditioned by John Fitz. Randolph
7: 5: in & upon the Good shipp called the Con-
stant Endeavour whereof is master under God for this p'sent
Voyage John Pawling & now rideing att Anchor in the River of
Rappahannock & by God's grace bound for the port of London to
say Tenn hogsheads of Virginia Tobacco being marked & num-
bered as in the Margent; And are to be delivered in the like good
order & well conditioned att the aforesaid port in London (the
danger of the seas excepted) unto Lt. Collonell John Searles,
or to his Assignes, he or they paying Freight for the said
Goods Tenn Pounds sterling  Tunns with primage & Havar-
age accustomed for witness whereof the Master or purser of the
said Shipp hath affirmed to three bills of Lading all of the Tenor

*At this place in the bill of lading was the shipper's brand—a mark which cannot be reproduced in type. It represents a large "R," with the figure "4" at the top, and crossed compasses at the bottom